

Holiness to the Lord!

# The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 15.

## ESQUIMAUX AND THEIR DOGS.

THE Arctic or Esquimaux dogs are exceedingly useful to the natives of the Polar regions. They are the devoted servants and companions of their masters, and carry burdens for them while pursuing game in the Summer, and draw sledges over the trackless snows in Winter. They have also been very useful to the English and American explorers, and the latter could not have made the discoveries they have done, had it not been for these strong, sagacious, and trusty animals, who have carried them over the frozen plains at the rate of sixty miles a day.

Captain Parry, who frequently travelled in the Esquimaux sledges, tells us in his journal, that a number of dogs,



varying from six to twelve, are attached to each sledge by means of a simple trace, but with no reins. An old and tried dog is placed as the leader, who steadily obeys the voice of the driver. When the Esquimaux are journeying homeward, or travelling to some spot well known to the leader, he is suffered to go his own course; for, although every trace of the road is lost in the drifting snow, he scents it out, and follows it with the greatest ease. Should night overtake them, and no place of shelter be at hand, the dogs share in their master's scanty meal; and when he lies down on his couch of snow to sleep, they crowd round him to keep him warm, and to guard him from danger.

They are also very useful in seeing out the seals and other animals on which the natives live, and in leading the latter to them. They learn, too, the presence of great danger, by the breaking up of the ice, much sooner than the Esquimaux themselves can. On Christmas Day, 1871, Captain Hall, late commander of the present American exploring expedition in the north Polar regions, sent out a party in search of seals. A number of these dogs were lowered from the ship to the ice, and tackled to sledges by the Esquimaux, whom Captain Hall had with him. After half an hour's gallop over the ice, the panting dogs suddenly stopped and barked, and pawed the surface. One of the Esquimaux—the oldest of the number—at once knew that the dogs meant to warn them of danger, and he immediately bounded from his seat and turned the dogs' heads towards the ship. In half the time it took to reach the distance they had traveled from the *Polaris*, the eager dogs pulled up beside the ship. Clouds were now assembling, and the atmosphere felt misty and bleak, and a short time after the party got on board, the ice broke up, and the *Polaris* was separated from it. Had it not been for the warning of the dogs, the members of the party would have been carried to sea on floating pieces of ice, and few, if any, could have been saved.

Dogs generally become strongly attached to their masters, and are very faithful to them. This is especially the case with the Arctic dogs. In Summer they are not needed so much, and many of them are turned adrift to provide for themselves, which they do by catching white foxes, bears, and other animals. When there are several of them together, they do not hesitate to attack a bear. As soon as Winter comes, and they think they are needed again, each dog returns to its respective master, which is certainly a strong proof of sagacity and attachment.

Some of these dogs are owned by the Moravian and Danish missionaries in Greenland and Labrador, and by the Church of England missionaries in the northern parts of British America, and by means of them the widely scattered stations are reached more easily in Winter than in Summer; while without them many of these stations would have to be unvisited. Indeed, in many of these desolate regions it would be difficult for the missionaries, or even the natives to live at all without these very useful animals.

## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

WHILE at Winter Quarters, on the 17th of February, 1847, President Young had a very interesting dream which he related to the brethren. He dreamed that he went to see Joseph, the Prophet, and when he met him he looked perfectly natural. He appeared to be sitting in a chair at the time. President Young took hold of his right hand and kissed him many times, and said to him:

"Why is it we cannot be together as we used to be? You have been from us a long time; we want your society and do not like to be separated from you."

Joseph rose from his chair, and looked at him with his usual earnest, expressive and pleasing countenance, and said: "It is all right."

President Young repeated that he did not like to be away from him. Joseph said:

"It is all right. We cannot be together yet; we shall be by and by, but you will have to do without me for a while; then we shall be together again."

President Young discovered there was a hand-rail between Joseph and himself. Joseph stood by a window, and at the

southwest of him it was very light, but President Young was in the twilight, and to the north of him it was very dark. President Young said:

"The brethren you know well, better than I do; you raised them up and brought the priesthood to us. They have a great anxiety to understand the law of adoption or the sealing principle, and if you have a word of counsel for me I shall be glad to receive it."

Joseph stepped towards him, looked very earnestly yet pleasantly, and said:

"Tell the brethren to be humble and faithful and be sure to keep the Spirit of the Lord, and it will lead them aright. Be careful and not turn away the small, still voice; it will teach them what to do and where to go; it will yield the fruits of the kingdom. Tell the brethren to keep their heart open to conviction, so that when the Holy Ghost comes to them their hearts will be ready to receive it. They can tell the Spirit of the Lord from all other spirits—it will whisper peace and joy to their souls; it will take malice, hatred, strife and all evil from their hearts, and their whole desire will be to do good, bring forth righteousness and build up the kingdom of God. Tell the brethren if they will follow the Spirit of the Lord, they will go right. Be sure to tell the brethren to keep the Spirit of the Lord; and if they will, they will find themselves just as they were organized by our Father in heaven before they came in' o the world. Our Father in heaven organized the human family, but they are all disorganized and in great confusion."

Joseph then showed President Young the pattern how the human family were in the beginning. He saw where the priesthood had been taken from the earth, and how it had to be joined together so that there would be a perfect chain from Father Adam to his latest posterity.

Joseph again said to him "Tell the people to be sure to keep the Spirit of the Lord and follow it and it will lead them just right."

Such a dream was very consoling to President Young and instructive to the people. From it we can learn how important it is to keep the Spirit of the Lord. No man or people can prosper who do not have it as their guide.

The news reached Winter Quarters about this time of the hanging by the mob near Farmington, in Iowa, of Brother William H. Folsom. They did not kill him outright; but his friends had much difficulty in restoring him to life. They also hung Brother Roduey Swazey by the heels for about five minutes. Six other brethren were also hung by them; and in this manner the Saints were treated by mobocrats in that vicinity, after having been expelled from their homes and robbed of nearly all they possessed by the mob at Nauvoo.

President Young, while at Winter Quarters, obtained a copy of a revelation, purporting to have been received by James J. Strang, a man who claimed to be president of the Church after the Prophet Joseph's death, and who was the means of leading away a number of people. This revelation was not really written by Strang; but was forged by a man named Charles Wesley Wandell, for the purpose of entrapping those who believed in Strang's doctrine at Nauvoo. They fell into the trap which he had prepared for them, and John E. Page, one of the Twelve Apostles who had apostatized just before the Church left Nauvoo, believed it to be a true revelation, and bore public testimony to it being from the Almighty. The success of this trick afforded much merriment to Wandell and his friends, and they thought it a most excellent joke; but in thus assuming to write a revelation in the name of the Lord, he did not perceive that he placed himself in the power of Satan. He probably thought that his intent was good in thus trying to expose wickedness; but it is a serious thing for a man to trifle with sacred subjects and to use

the name of the Lord falsely and for purposes of deception. Wandell's course since that time should be a warning to all others to avoid doing evil that good or supposed good might come.

In preparing to go with the pioneer company from Winter Quarters to the Great Basin, President Young and his brethren took the necessary precautions to insure the safety and good government of the Saints who remained behind while they should make the trip. Ample counsel was given upon this and kindred subjects, and measures were taken to build a stockade around Winter Quarters, and to have the people labor together unitedly. Houses that were outside of the established line for the stockade were moved inside, and everything was done that could be to secure the people from Indian attacks. Those who were living in "dugouts," as the houses were called which were dug in the sides of the hill, were counseled to build houses on the top of the ground to live in during the Summer, so that sickness might be avoided. Other counsel was given in relation to their buildings which would increase the healthfulness and comfort of the residents. President Young gave excellent counsel to the authorities and the people respecting their dealings with the Indians. He condemned the practice of shooting Indians, so common among other communities settled in the Indian country, for any and every offence that they might commit, and advised the brethren to avoid encouraging or giving place to feelings of hostility and bloodshed. Arrangements were also made to take care of the poor and the families of the brethren who had gone in the battalio. The brethren who had gone to Punca were instructed to move down to Winter Quarters as quickly as possible and to put in a Spring crop.

Bishop Miller, who had been the leader of the company to Punca, was already at Winter Quarters. He had indulged in a spirit that was not of God for some time, and his mind was clouded with darkness. While preparations were being made for the pioneers to go west, at a meeting of the Twelve Apostles and other Elders, he gave his views relative to the Church removing to Texas, to the country lying between the Neunes and the Rio Grande rivers. That was the best country, he thought, for the Church to emigrate to. Lyman Wight was already in Texas whither he had gone from Nauvoo, taking with him such as would follow his guidance. Miller's inclinations were in the same direction. President Young informed Miller that his views were wild and visionary; that when the Saints moved from that point they would go to the Great Basin, where they would soon form a nucleus of strength and power sufficient to cope with mobs; but this had little effect upon Miller. He soon afterwards left Winter Quarters with his family and a few others over whom he had influence, and went to Texas where he joined Lyman Wight. He lived there for a while until he and Wight quarrelled, when he moved north again and joined Strang, and died an apostate from the Church.

On the 5th of April, 1847, Brother Heber C. Kimball moved out from Winter Quarters about four miles, with six of his teams, which he had prepared to form part of the pioneer equipment to go to find a place in the Far West where the Saints could dwell in peace and security. General Conference was held the next day at Winter Quarters, and on the 7th President Young started and joined the camp, which was then located about ten miles west of Winter Quarters. The pioneer company when formed numbered one hundred and forty-three men and seventy-three wagons. Sister Clara D. Young, wife of President Brigham Young, Sister Ellen S. Kimball, wife of President Heber C. Kimball, and Sister Harriet P. Young, wife of Brother Lorenzo D. Young, accompanied their husbands, and were the only sisters in the camp.

(To be continued.)

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

### CATECHISM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS. (Continued.)

#### LESSON XXIX.

Q.—What were the names of the three who went with Ammon?

A.—Amalek, Helem and Hem.

Q.—What happened to them?

A.—They were taken by the guards of the King of Shilom and Nephi and put in prison.

Q.—Who was the king here spoken of?

A.—His name was Limhi, the son of Noah.

Q.—Who was Noah?

A.—He was the son of Zeniff, who was the leader of the people which left Zarahemla to settle in that land.

Q.—Was Zeniff a king also?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How was he made king?

A.—By the voice of the people.

Q.—Why were Ammon and his brethren put in prison by the guards of the king?

A.—Because they thought that they were enemies.

Q.—When Limhi and his people learned who they were, how did they feel?

A.—They were exceedingly glad.

Q.—What was the idea that prevailed among the people of Limhi concerning the people of Zarahemla?

A.—They thought they had been destroyed.

Q.—Why did they so think?

A.—Because King Limhi had sent a small number of men to search for the land and they had found a land which had been inhabited, but the inhabitants of which had been destroyed.

Q.—Did they suppose that this was the land of Zarahemla?

A.—Yes, and so reported to the king.

Q.—What did this company of men bring back with them?

A.—They brought twenty-four plates of gold, filled with engravings.

Q.—Did they bring anything else?

A.—Yes; breastplates of brass and copper, and swords.

#### LESSON XXX.

Q.—What did these plates prove to be?

A.—The record of the Jaredites.

Q.—Who had prepared it?

A.—Ether, the last of the Jaredite prophets.

Q.—What was the condition of Limhi and his people when Ammon found them?

A.—They were in bondage to the Lamanites.

Q.—What taxes did they pay to the Lamanites?

A.—They paid one half of all their grain and produce, half the increase of their flocks and half of all they possessed.

Q.—If they refused to pay these taxes what was the punishment?

A.—They were threatened with death.

Q.—By what means did Zeniff and his people get possession of the land where Ammon found their descendants living?

A.—The king of the Lamanites gave it up to Zeniff and his people.

Q.—Was this because the Lamanites loved the Nephites?

A.—No, but by so doing they thought to gain advantage over them.

Q.—How long did Zeniff and his people live at peace with the Lamanites?

A.—Twelve years.

Q.—What happened then?

A.—The king of the Lamanites feared the Nephites were growing too strong.

Q.—What did the Lamanites do?

A.—They made a raid upon the Nephites?

Q.—What were the results of this raid?

A.—They killed a number of Nephites and stole their flocks and their grain.

(To be continued.)

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GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1873.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL GATHERING AT LOGAN.

**D**ON the morning of Sunday, June 28th last, several hundred children, belonging to the Sunday schools of the various Wards of the city, assembled in the Bowery at Logan city, and, after singing and prayer, they were addressed by Presidents George Q. Cannon and George A. Smith, the former President of the Territorial Sunday School Union. The instructions imparted in the addresses were so excellent and so well adapted to the young, that we present them to our readers, and we hope they will read them carefully and heed the advice they contain. All boys and girls who will do so will reap the advantage in days to come, for they will thereby be preparing themselves to spend useful and happy lives, and that is much more to be desired than all the riches and honors of the world. The following is the address of

PRESIDENT CANNON.

I am very much pleased to see so many children this morning, and to know that such interest is taken in Sunday schools in this valley. By the reports which I have received from the various parts of the Territory I find that the Sunday schools in Cache County are in a better condition than in any other county in the Territory. They have a larger and more regular attendance, and in sustaining them a more liberal spirit is manifested than in any other county from which reports have been received. I am therefore pleased to meet with you this morning, and to see you, and I mention this for your encouragement, because I think it is exceedingly creditable to the people of this valley. If the reports are to be taken as an index the children of this county are more favored than those of any other in the Territory, because where there is a great deal of interest taken in the welfare of children they must be benefitted thereby; and I hope all these children—boys and girls—appreciate the kindness and zeal manifested by their teachers in instructing and training them in things which they will find useful in future years.

There is, however, a great deal of interest manifested in every part of the Territory; and this interest is growing. A great many are beginning to feel that it is of great importance that we should look after our children, and that they should be regularly brought to Sunday school. Many parents who have heretofore felt some degree of indifference on this subject, are beginning to take great interest in sending their children to the Sunday school. I am happy to see that a large number of young ladies and young gentlemen are devoting themselves to teaching. I can not think of any better field for people, either young or old, to labor in than the Sunday school. You little folks who are here this morning, and who attend Sunday school regularly, will probably never forget, not even when bowed down with old age, the teachings you received in Sunday schools. Probably you will remember them better than anything you learn in after life. Here you get your habits formed, you receive teachings that are good for you, and that you should try and remember.

I hope there are no boys and no girls, belonging to any Sunday school in this valley, who fail to be good and pleasant in school, and obedient to their teachers. It would be very wrong in you to be disobedient and unruly when your teachers, without any reward for their trouble, take such pains and come here every Sabbath for the purpose of instructing you. It would be most ungrateful and unkind for you little boys and girls to disobey or to treat your teachers with disrespect. They teach you the things of the Kingdom of God, which they know, and which, if you lead righteous lives, you will know in after years.

I hope all of you observe the Word of Wisdom. I expect you all know what that means, do you not? Is it according to the Word of Wisdom to drink tea and coffee? (No sir.) To chew tobacco? (No sir.) To smoke? (No sir.) To drink whisky? (No sir.) Does the man who gets drunk obey the Word of Wisdom? (No sir.) You know that it is wrong to get the worse for liquor, do you not? (Yes sir.) I hope you will always think so, and that you will always think it is wrong to drink tea, coffee or whisky and to smoke and chew tobacco. There is no necessity for you to do these things. You can grow up and be much healthier and stronger without than with them. It is not healthy to drink liquor, it is not healthy to smoke or chew tobacco, and if you always remember this and let these things alone it will be much better for you. No matter what other children do, you do right. If you see any of your acquaintances, either boys or girls, indulging in any of these bad practices I have named, you make up your minds now, while you are young, before ever the taste for any of them is formed in you, that you will never use them. It will be far easier for you to do this than for those who use them to leave them off, for the man or woman who uses any of these things becomes a slave to them and feels miserable unless the craving for them is constantly indulged. The man accustomed to using tobacco is one of the most miserable beings in the world if deprived of it. You might give him the best of all food, and everything else he could ask for and he is miserable without his tobacco. It is just the same with him who acquires a taste for liquor. Think of this, and never fall into these habits, and you will escape the inconvenience and discomfort of those who use them. You may drink water or milk, as often as necessary, and they produce no narcotic effects, they create no craving for them, and if deprived of either you have none of that discomfort experienced by those who use tea, coffee, tobacco or liquor when deprived of them. These habits make slaves of their victims and they feel that they cannot do without them. If there is anything that a person can not do without, it is his master, and he its slave, and that is a very bad position for anybody to be in. I hope you will remember this.

There is another thing I wish to impress upon the minds of the boys and girls who are here this morning, and that is to always tell the truth. He is a coward who does not tell the truth; she is a coward who does not tell the truth. You would not like to be called cowards, but recollect that if ever you feel tempted to tell a lie it is cowardice which prompts you to do it. You are cowardly when you do not tell the truth. Says a boy "If I do tell the truth I may get whipped." It is better to be whipped for telling the truth than to save yourselves from it by telling a lie, although no wise parent or teacher would whip a child for telling the truth. But do you not see that if you tell a lie to avoid a whipping, it is fear which causes you to lie? The boy or girl who is afraid to tell the truth for fear of a whipping is a coward. Always remember that it is cowardly to tell a lie, but brave to tell the truth. Everybody admires the truth-teller. If, when you do wrong, you frankly and bravely own, "I did that," your parents will feel thankful that they have a son or a daughter who is brave enough to tell the truth, and though they will disapprove the wrong committed, they will feel in their hearts to bless you for telling the truth.

(To be continued)

## A CURIOUS BRIDGE.

HERE we have a beautiful engraving of a very curious bridge. The original of the scene represented is in a country very far from ours, Ceylon is its name. Ceylon is a large island lying very close to the southernmost extremity of Hindostan. It is one of the most fertile countries in the world. Most tropical or equatorial countries are rich in the great variety of their vegetable and mineral products, Ceylon is wonderfully so. It produces over four hundred kinds of valuable wood, among them satinwood and ebony. The cocoanut palm is a very valuable tree to the natives, its fruit furnishing them food and drink, and its wood and leaves being used for almost everything that adds to domestic convenience. The breadfruit, rice, cinnamon, coffee, tobacco and pepper are largely cultivated. Among the mineral products may be mentioned iron and plumbago or blacklead, also a great variety of precious stones. Its animal products include elephants, oxen, buffaloes, deer, monkeys, hare, squirrel, porcupine, wild-boar, bear, every variety of birds common to the tropics, fish, crocodiles, scorpions, lizards, enormous serpents, etc.

The island has numerous small, but no large, rivers; it has several tolerably good harbors, and does a large trade with India and Great Britain. Its inhabitants, nearly two millions in number, are divided into several classes, Hindoos, Cingalese, Moors and Veddahs. The latter inhabit the mountain fastnesses, and are little better than savages, being totally devoid of civilization. The rest of the people are peaceful, inoffensive and ingenuous, much more given to the arts of peace than those of war. Agriculture is their principal occupation, though like their Hindoo neighbors, many of them are very skillful in the use of the loom. They also manufacture a good deal of salt, and some very good iron. Coffee is their great agricultural product; and of rice they produce two crops a year.

The principal religion in Ceylon is Buddhism, although Christian missionaries from the United States and England are laboring with some success among them.

The bridge represented by our engraving is peculiar to the Cingalese. It is slender but strong. It is formed of the cable-ratan cane, which is sometimes found between two hundred and three hundred feet long. The ladder leading to the bridge is as curious as the bridge. It has neither nail nor peg in it, but is made of pieces of cane tied together with creeping plants.

—  
If a man makes *me* keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps *his* at the same time.

—  
THE weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.



[For the Juvenile Instructor.

## Chemistry of Common Things.

WASTE MATERIALS.—  
NO. 2.

IT is quite a feature of the age for men to "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." It has been a practice from the earliest times to take care of waste material in shops and manufactories where the precious metals are wrought, such as jewelers, goldsmiths, watchmakers, silversmiths and gilders. To do this thoroughly every particle of dust is carefully collected and laid aside as "sweepings;" even the water used for washing the hands of workmen is taken care of and sold to the "sweep-washer," as the artisan is called who utilizes these things.

A heap of rubbish seen in a refiner's yard would by no means impress the uninitiated with an idea of wealth; but there is wealth in such waste material. Red pieces of buff-leather that have been used for polishing with crocus or rouge, preparations of the per-oxide of iron (hematite); filaments of cotton in tatters, worn out by polishing ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets; fragments of brushes that have done duty in polishing chains and fretwork (filigree in gold and silver); leather aprons that have been used by workmen till they are heavy with grease and gold; pieces of stick worn at the point by friction in the interstices of jewelry till they resemble a stubb brush; remnants of paper, rags, iron-wire, food, corks—anything but gold or silver may be seen. For that heap has been carefully hoked over time and again to pick out any visible particles of the precious

metals. Not that all that is *called* gold in jewelers' workshops is such; the term "jewelers' gold" may mean an alloy that is worth forty shillings (per ounce) or be perfectly innocent of the presence of valuable metals—gold and silver.

Well, the sweep-washer gives as little as possible for the pile, for he knows well there will be as little as possible in it of any worth to him. He is, however, very careful of it, by long experience he knows the glittering gold is there. He burns it; the motley mass is reduced to smaller compass and made manageable. First the iron is separated, that is, binding-wire, pieces of files and iron dust. A huge magnet does the business effectually and quickly. When the ashes are "washed" the laws of gravitation cause the heavy metals to fall to the bottom, the lighter particles are carried off. Again the fire is called into requisition, this time in the crucible, a vessel made of refractory material that will neither melt nor burn away. At the bottom of this crucible may be seen a "button" of metal, that is what the sweep-washer was after. Its weight and general appearance to his practiced eye and touch roughly

tells its value. Then commences the business of the refiner, as described in these pages before, the work of the sweep-washer, the gatherer, conservator and utilizer of this class of "waste" is done.

Copper, lead, zinc and iron are gathered by the poor of many countries. To the praise of the industrious of this city, few pieces of either of these metals can now be found in our streets. Even tin scraps and old tin cans are valuable. At Pascoe's Works the tin is taken off and preserved, the iron is used for fluxing out silver ores. Copper bottoms of boilers and old brass kettles do not lie in our creeks now to contaminate—to poison—our water. For copper, and brass especially, speedily become entirely changed from the metallic state to that of salts, soluble salts, be it remembered, that dissolve in our waters, to be drunk by those who live at places below! It may be that the dose of copper taken by any one individual is small, but the least particle of copper is poisonous.

It is the demand for these things (the price they will fetch) that decides the care of any class of waste material, will they be worth collecting? All these things and many others that will be named will be worth caring for, they will yet be worth money, here, in this our lovely city.

BETH.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

## A BOY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

(Continued.)

ON the 17th of October we sighted the Azores or Western Islands, a group of ten small islands situated far out in the Atlantic, half-way between Nantucket and Morocco, and under the government of Portugal. The next day we sailed close in to Fayal, the Island of Pico, on our lee, looming up in the air 7,613 feet. Approaching the islands from the sea they present one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw, sloping upwards from the sea, covered with deep green vineyards and dotted over with white and neat looking houses, the town of Horta nestling at the foot of the slope. The red roofs (tiles) of the buildings contrasting pleasantly with the green, the fresh, sweet-scented breeze blowing off shore, besides being the first foreign land I ever saw, made an impression at the time I shall ever remember.

A boat was manned to take the captain ashore. I did not belong to the boat, consequently, to my sorrow, I missed an opportunity of more closely examining the beautiful island. But if I may believe the reports of the boat's crew when they returned I was most fortunate, for my ideas of the beauty of the place would have vanished on beholding the dirt, misery, poverty and shiftless laziness of the inhabitants.

When the captain had finished his business on shore he returned to the ship, sail was shortened, and the vessel lay "off and on" until next morning, when we ran close in shore again to take on board the potatoes and onions he had bought. At the same time quite a brisk trade was carried on in the forecastle between the crew and some two dozen Portuguese, our boys trading away clothing, tobacco, soap and razors (we all had razors given us by our considerate outfitters, but alas! none of us had beards) for oranges, limes, apricots, figs, sour wine, "aguardiente" (whisky), melons, grapes, tomatoes, straw hats, milk and jackass cheese. This cheese is in round cakes about four inches in diameter and of the color of cheese made from cow's milk, but totally dissimilar in taste to any other cheese I have eaten. Whether it is made of the milk of the ass, goat or cow, I cannot say, but its good taste and appetizing qualities I will vouch for. We soon stowed aboard the potatoes and onions purchased by the captain, and at the same time added six Portuguese to the crew, follows the 111 men had shipped,

enticed, smuggled or trapped on board for the voyage. They were poor, ragged and ignorant, and evidently half starved. They commenced eating when they came on board and kept it up ever afterwards. How they managed to stow so much away in their "lockers" has always been, and always will be, mystery to me. They were all "Franciscos," so to distinguish them we rechristened them respectively—Portugee Frank, Jack, Antone, Jake, Joe and Cow-cow. Our trading done, the yards were braced forward, and the ship's head pointed southward, running past island after island, turning as they faded in the distance from green to rose, from rose to purple, and sinking from sight in the golden distance.

A few days after leaving the Azores, St. Autonio, one of the Cape de Verde group, hove in sight, passing the following day St. Vincent and Bravo. These islands are similar in all respects to the Azores, and are ruled by Portugal.

The course of the ship was now to the south and east, cruising for several days off the coast of Africa; but not seeing any whales the captain concluded to change base, and as we crossed the equator her head was pointed to the south and west, making for the coast of Brazil. After leaving the Azores the boats were lowered at every favorable opportunity to discipline the boys to the use of the oars. To prevent monotony and to give vim and excitement on these occasions, imaginary whales were "raised" by a mate or boat-steerer stationed at the mast head. With almost daily exercise at this play the boys were well broke in long before we arrived on our new cruising ground.

Each boat is commanded by one of the officers of the ship, called the "boat-header," the captain on most whaling vessels commanding one; but in our case, owing to the age and puny build of our captain, the mate had charge of the starboard boat, the second mate the larboard boat, the third mate the waist boat, and the fourth mate the bow boat. Besides the "boat-header" they have each five men for a crew, one of whom is the harpooner or "boat-steerer," one man a bow oarsman, one a midship oarsman, one a tub oarsman, and an after oarsman. The boats are about twenty-five feet long and four wide, and sharp at both ends, for motion in either direction without turning. They are built to enable them to stand a very heavy sea, and yet at the same time they are buoyant and light. Near the stern of the boat, a little to one side from the centre, is placed a strong, upright, round piece of hard wood, called the "logger head." The whaleline, from the tub, passes two or three times around this and thence over the oars, between the men to the bow of the boat, passing through a groove called the "chuck," when it is made fast to the "iron" or harpoon. Each boat has a tub containing about thirteen hundred feet of the best three-quarter inch Manilla tow-line, carefully coiled, that it may run out clear and free, for should anything obstruct its passage, such is the velocity of its egress that the boat with all its contents would be drawn under the surface. There are also four harpoons, two lances, a "lantern-keg," containing a lantern, candles, matches, bread, pipes and tobacco, a two gallon keg of water, a small flag called a "waif," to signal to the ship when the whale is dead, a mast and sail, four or five paddles, a knife, a hatchet and a "drug," which is a piece of plank sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter, with a centre post and short line attached to fasten to the whaleline to check the speed of the whale in sounding or running. All four boats are lowered and the race often becomes exciting as to which shall be the first boat fast.

From the beginning to the close of the voyage men are stationed at the mastheads, looking out for whales, and are relieved every two hours. When a fish is seen by any one of the men aloft, he immediately sings out, with a peculiar tune, "There she blows," and he repeats it as often as the whale spouts. The officer on deck asks "Where away?" and the lookout gives the direction of the whale from the ship. The officer then asks "How far off?" and the distance is given,

If not over a mile away the captain orders "All hands stand by the boats, lower away." Every man by this time is ready, with no clothing on but shirt, pants and cap, the main-yard is hauled a-back, and away dash the boats for the whale.

In December we were off the river Rio de la Plata, at one time quite a profitable cruising ground for whalers, but notorious as a region for heavy gales from the south-west, called "pomperos." Our captain designed cruising here a few weeks previous to doubling the Cape, and fortune seemed to favor us, for the first Sunday after our arrival the man at the mast-head shouted the ever welcome—"Ah blow, ah blow," "sperm whales, sir, two points off the leeward, not half a mile off, sir." Boats and sea pumps were off in a giffy, the main-yard hauled a-back, the boats lowered, and away. The mate's boat had the start and was soon fast to a fish. This alarmed the "schoot," and away they went to windward "eyes out." We had a long pull, but could not come up with them, and so we returned to assist the mate, (I pulled the tub oar in the second mate's boat) but we found the work accomplished. He was preparing to tow his dead fish to the ship. The whale was soon secured with a "fluke chain" along side the vessel, and it is needless to say that it was examined, criticised and talked about in the forecastle by the crew as a perfect wonder. But our work was not done—the whale must be "cut in" and "tryde out." No time is lost on a whale-ship. Night or day, Sunday or week day, the work must go on.

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thou art able.  
And on the seventh, holy-stone the decks and scrape the catde."

(To be continued.)

#### ANECDOTES OF WILD ANIMALS, ETC.

(Continued.)

WE close the extracts, in this number, from the work of Mr. Girard, by giving you his narration of his second encounter with a lion. This lion had also created havoc and destruction in an Arab douar, or village, and it was just on the outskirts of this village that the lion, while on one of his nightly visits, was killed. Our hunter and his Arab companions had watched very anxiously, but in vain, for the appearance of the beast until about an hour after midnight. He says:

"I had taken the precaution to have all the dogs tied up under the tents so as to quiet their customary elanor, and now in the midst of this dead silence around me I could detect the faintest noise or motion. Up to this time the heavens had been serene and the moon clear; but soon clouds gathered in the west, and came scudding past before a warm, sultry wind; a little later, the sky was all overcast, the moon was gone, and the thunder rolled around us in heavy peals, announcing a coming tempest.

"Then the rain fell in torrents, and drenching my companions they awoke, and we consulted for a moment about returning to the douar. But while we were talking, an Arab called from the camp, 'Beware! the lion will come with the storm!'

"It is needless to say that this decided me to remain at my post, and I covered the locks of my gun with the skirts of my coat, while Saadi-bou-Nar draped himself in his burnous with the heroic resignation of a beaver.

"Soon the rain ceased, like all rains that accompany a thunder gust, and we only saw its passage by the lightning that tracked the distant horizon, and the moon, more brilliant than ever, came in and out from the fleecy clouds over our heads. I took advantage of every one of these short instants of clear sky to survey the country about me, and to sound each clump

of trees or fallen log, and it was in one of these brief moments that all of a sudden I thought I saw the lion.

"I waited breathless till the moon came out again. Yes, by Jove! it was he, standing motionless only a few paces from the douar.

"Accustomed to see fires lighted at every tent, to hear a hundred dogs barking in terror, and to see the men of the douar hurling lighted brands at him, he, without doubt, was at a loss to explain the rather suspicious silence that reigned around him.

"While I was turning slowly around in order to take better aim, without being seen by the animal, a cloud shut out the moon. I was seated with my left elbow on my knee, my rifle at my shoulder, watching by turns the lion that I only recognized as a confused mass, and the passing cloud, whose length I anxiously regarded.

"At last the cloud passed, and the moonlight, dearer to me than the most beautiful sunshine, illuminated the picture, and again showed me the lion still standing in the same place.

"I saw him the better, as he was so much raised above me, and he loomed up proudly magnificent, standing as he was in majestic repose, with his head high in air, and his flowing mane undulating in the wind, and falling to his knees. It was a black lion, of noble form and the largest size. As he presented his side to me, I aimed just behind his shoulder, and fired.

"I heard a fierce roar of mingled pain and rage echoing up the hills with the report of my gun, and then from under the smoke I saw the lion bounding upon me.

"Saadi-bou-Nar, roused the second time that night from his slumbers, sprang to his gun, and was about to fire over my shoulder. With a motion of my arm I pushed aside the barrel of his gun, and when the beast, still roaring furiously, was within three steps of me I fired my second barrel directly in his breast.

"Before I could seize my companion's gun, the lion rolled at my feet, bathing them in the blood that leaped in torrents from his throat.

"He had fallen dead so near me that I could have touched him from where I stood.

"At the first moment I thought I was dreaming, and that it was impossible that the huge bulk that lay motionless before me was the same animal that, endowed with superhuman strength, and vomiting peals of thunder, was just before leaping through the air.

"But the cries of Saadi-bou-Nar calling the Arabs of the douar proved to me that it was no dream. I can not explain the reason, but the death of the lion did not give me the same pleasure as that of my first victim; but how could it be otherwise?

"In looking for my balls I found the first one, the one that had not killed, just behind the shoulder where I had intended it to hit, and the second, that had been fired in haste, and almost at hazard, had been the one that was mortal. From this moment I learned that it does not suffice to aim correctly to kill a lion, and that it is afeat infinitely more serious than I had at first supposed.

"But slowly my preoccupation became dissipated, and little by little, as I contemplated the lordly grace of my victim crunched at my feet in death, and heard the reports of musketry carrying the fame of my victory from camp to camp, I became less thoughtful, and drank with pleasure the intoxicating cup of success.

"Nevertheless I wondered at the lethargy of the Arabs, who had not yet come out from their douar; but Saadi-bou-Nar explained this apparent indifference by saying that they were afraid the lion was not yet dead.

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE BIBLE.

CATECHISM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.  
(Continued.)

Subject—HISTORY OF JOSEPH

LESSON XXIX.

Q.—When Joseph's brethren came to Joseph, who was governor of the land, what did they do?

A.—They bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth.

Q.—Did Joseph know his brethren?

A.—Yes; but he made himself strange and spoke roughly unto them.

Q.—What did Joseph say unto them, when he remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them?

A.—"Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land are ye come."

Q.—What reply did Joseph's brethren make?

A.—That they were all one man's sons, that they were true men and not spies.

Q.—What else did they tell Joseph?

A.—That they were twelve brethren, the youngest of whom was with their father and the other was not.

Q.—What did Joseph do to them?

A.—He put them all together into ward three days.

Q.—What did Joseph require of them on the third day?

A.—That one of them should be bound in prison, while the rest should take corn for the famine of their houses, and should return, bringing their youngest brother with them.

Q.—Which of the brethren was bound and left behind?

A.—Simeon.

Q.—What did Joseph command should be placed in the sacks with the corn?

A.—Every man's money.

Q.—When they had returned home and told all that had befallen them, what did Jacob say?

A.—"Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me."

LESSON XXX.

Q.—What did Reuben say to his father?

A.—"Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee."

Q.—Was Jacob then willing to let Benjamin go?

A.—No; he was fearful that mischief would befall him.

Q.—After the corn that was brought out of Egypt was eaten up, what did their father say?

A.—"Go again, buy us a little food."

Q.—What did Judah say?

A.—That they would not go without Benjamin.

Q.—What did Jacob tell them to take?

A.—Presents of the best fruits of the land and double money, besides the money found in their sacks.

Q.—When Joseph saw Benjamin with his brethren, what did he say to the rulers of his house?

A.—"Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these shall dine with me at noon."

Q.—When the brethren of Joseph heard this, how did they feel?

A.—They were afraid.

Q.—What did the steward say to them, when they told about the money being found in their sacks?

A.—"Peace be to you, fear not; your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks; I had your money."

Q.—Whom did the steward bring out unto them?

A.—Their brother Simeon.

Q.—When Joseph came home, what did his brethren do?

A.—They gave him presents, and bowed themselves to him to the earth.

Q.—What did Joseph ask them?

A.—Whether their father was well, and yet alive.

Q.—How did they reply?

A.—That their father was in good health; and again bowed down their heads, and made obeisance.

(To be continued.)

Selected Poetry.

AN OLD STORY NEWLY TOLD.

Tommy, prowling on the lawn,  
Spied a sparrow, just at dawn,

Up and at her labors.

Secure and sweet she hopped along,  
Or, flying westward, sang a song

That roused her sleepy neighbors.

But Tommy meant to break his fast.

"That time, song-sparrow, is your last,  
Whatever you intended.

Just light down on the grass again;

I'll eat you up in seconds ten,  
And so your story's ended."

The sparrow is a little chit,  
And plain of dress, but full of wit,  
So, when upon the grass she lit,

And Tommy at a bound

Had whisked her off behind a tree,  
And growled, "I'll make a meal of thee."

She plucked up courage. "Tom," said she,  
"Just set me on the ground;

And do, I pray you, have the grace,  
Before you eat, to wash your face."

Tom was a cat of high degree,  
And used to good society.

"Your words are wise, you bird," said he,  
"Though you're a silly creature."

Knowing that maurers make the man,  
He sat her down, and slow began

With dignity (cats only can)

To wash each solemn feature.

Searee was his paw across his nose,  
Before aloft the sparrow rose,  
From tallest tree the garden grows

She sends him down a song;

"O Tommy! don't you wish you could  
For breakfast have a sparrow good?

Birds are such dainty, tender food,  
And all to eats belong!"

Tom eyed her with a rueful grin:

"I must say, bird, you took me in.  
But long as I've to stay

Upon this earth, so full of cheat,

Of artful birds and all deceit,

My breakfast when it's caught I'll eat,  
My face wash when I may."

And so, you know,

Do all the race of cats until this day

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